

Smif-n-wessun, P.N.C. (Partners N Crime)

[Tek]

Grab a hold of your heart and visualize it's a kickin
A hollow point slug comin outta black biscuit
You ain't just from death, we round to the corner, comin quick
We method outta minds and just don't give a shit
God damn it, gun shots we bust from the clip
Wicked bad boy, snatch the burner on my hip
So feel ya hopes and get dead Mr. Buster
'cause we ain't got love for none of y'all muthaf**kas
Chief the black Bar Hard, to do a Rabbi
You're too leary to live, but you not wan' die
All these MC's wit they fancy names and games
I know from the heart, that them not mean a thing
Big up to all the real heads, wit the knuckle game
Rest in peace to all my niggas that was murdered and slain

(talking)

[Steele]

All heads realize, recognize, Smif-N-Wessun on the rise
You better recognize, I'm beamin each and every individual
Who listen to that voice in ya head when it be kickin truth
The heads that represent around the way
Showin and provin, keepin it movin, until they break day
Realize what's before ya eyes
Then see if you see the same real as we
When I say Smif-N-Wessun, this is what I mean
Nothin alive, of rid dreams could never come between
Original Clik, roll thru the thin
And when shit got thick, we still manage to stick
Doing crimes wit deceptagons, up inside of the times
Help me at times, and keep our minds organize
So our knees won't bend, for the enemy
Tek and me, crime partners til the end

(talking)

[Steele]

From the heart of where it all started
Bucktown, Boot Camp representin for all the dearly departed
Next, we comin to speak to the real MC's
'cause the weak MC's, will win the breeze
Smif-N-Wessun hold the remedy, runnin wit the Boot Camp
On the search for the enemy
And the crew happens to be amongst we
F**k this, we bring them to court and serve justice

[Tek]

See me and my Clik got a thing going on
True to the game and the love makes us strong
For every day trials and tribulations
You try to stop us, get rocked by the nation
See my forefront of soldiers, ready to blow ya
Leave ya back broke and ya body slumped over
The war is on and the stakes is gettin high
You kill 'em on dead, if them shit where them lie
It's the code of the streets, when you out wit ya peeps
Bumpin on the beat, be on point for the sweeps
Pigs, harass that ass for the drug cash
Armageddeon soon come keep the gun stash
But for the meanwhile, cess ease the stress
Takin gun shots through the nose, through the chest
Bless the sensee, that get me irie
And all praises due to all mighty

(talking)

[Steele]

Before I go to bed, I take a L to the head
Reminisce over words that was once said
By my man, God rest his soul, I was told stand bold
When under pressure, don't fold
To my brother, my nigga Rambo, you know we love ya
I wish ya was around, to see us rip through the underground
Smif-N-Wessun dedicate this to my man Sean Grady, the R
One love baby